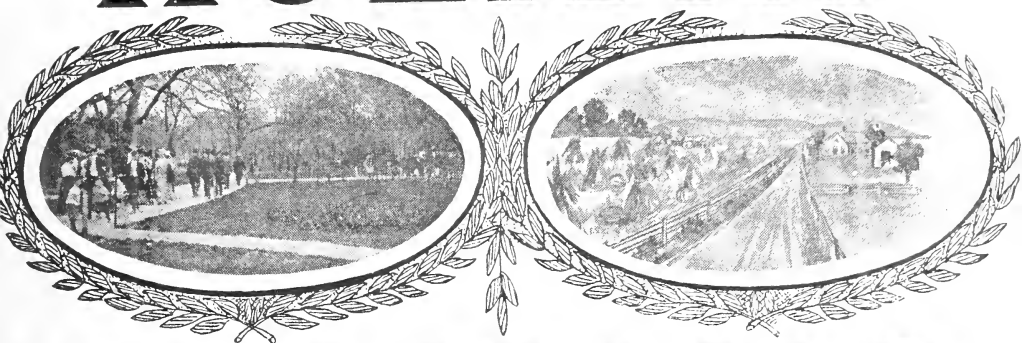


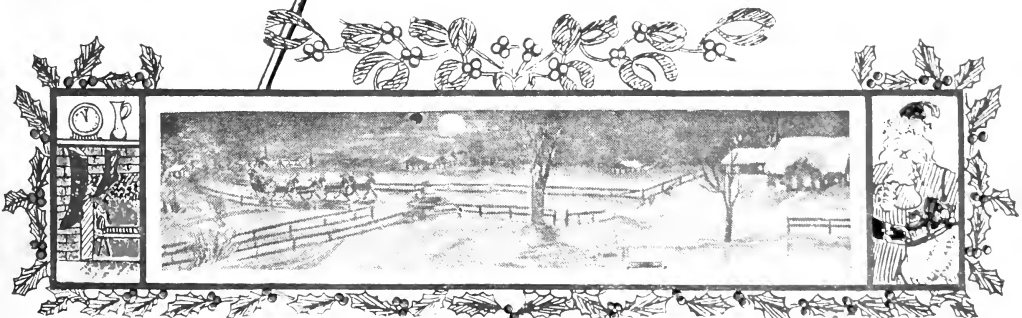
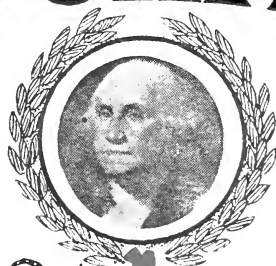
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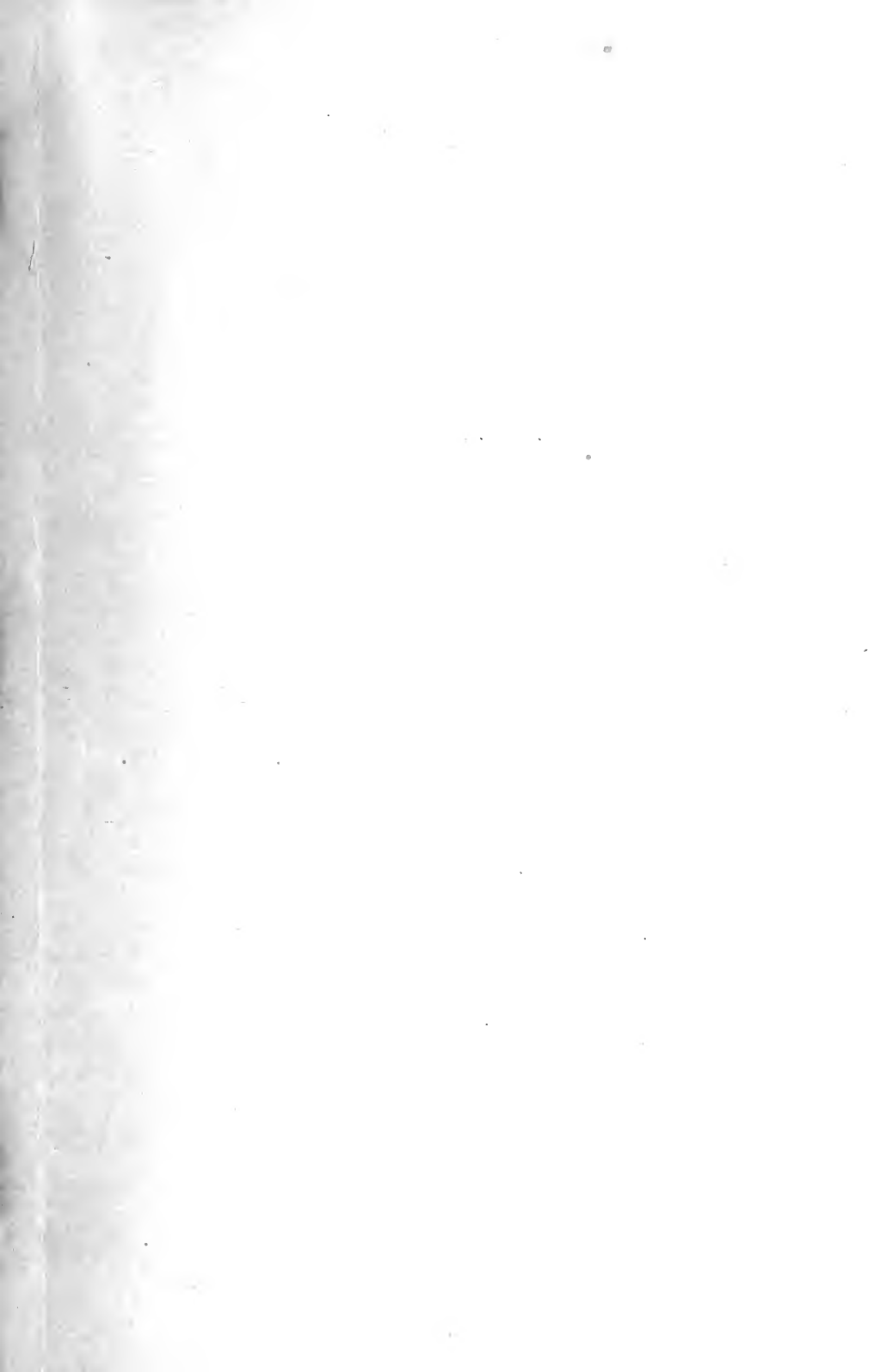
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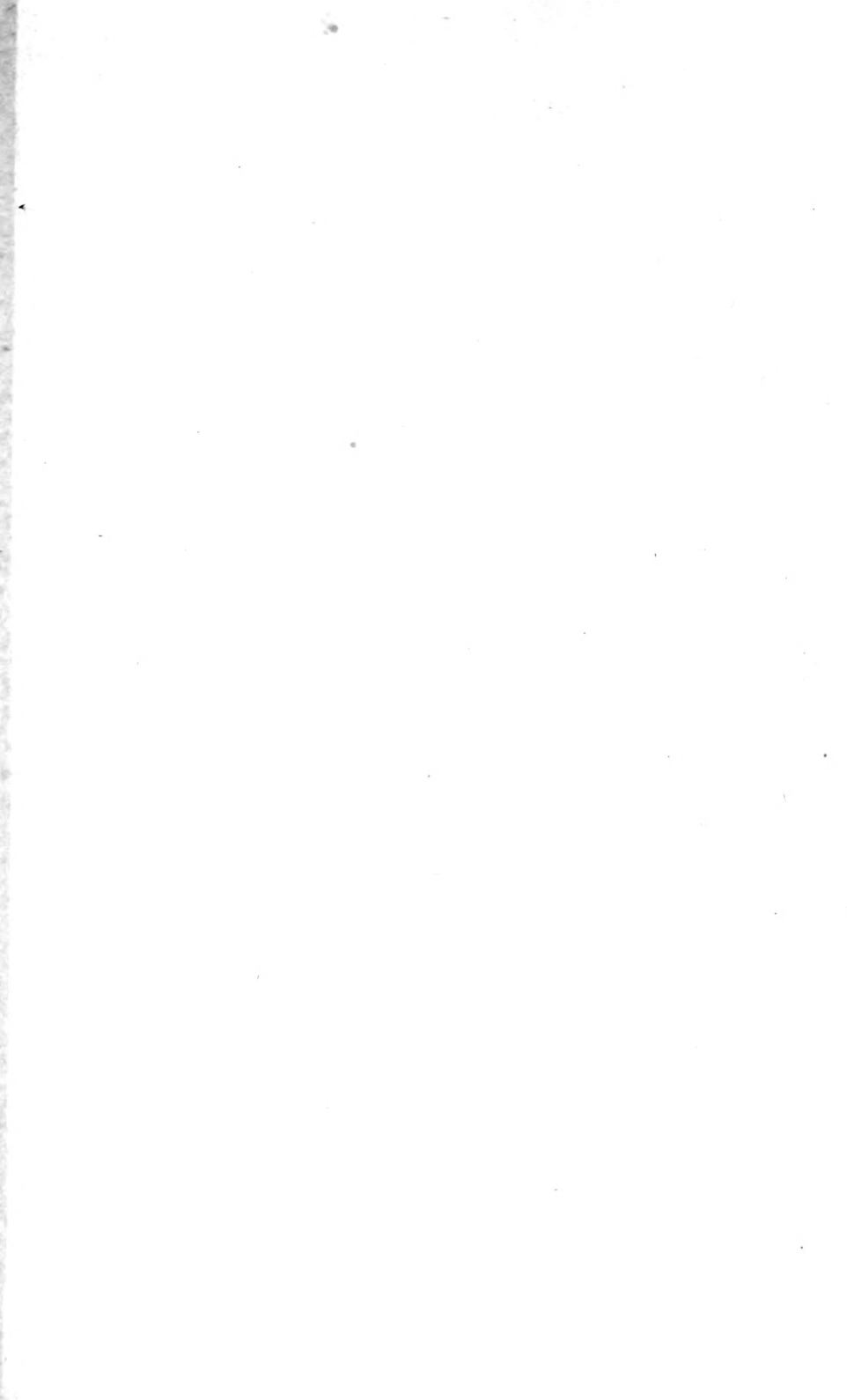


PROGRAMS









**A
LITTLE BOOK
OF
HOLIDAY PROGRAMS
FOR THE
PUBLIC SCHOOLS
OF
OKLAHOMA**

ISSUED BY
OKLAHOMA
STATE DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

**R. H. WILSON
STATE SUPERINTENDENT**

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U. S. N. S.
MAR 16 1912

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GEO. A. LANDRUM,
Assistant State Superintendent.

HOLIDAY PROGRAMS

COLUMBUS DAY

STATEHOOD DAY

THANKSGIVING DAY

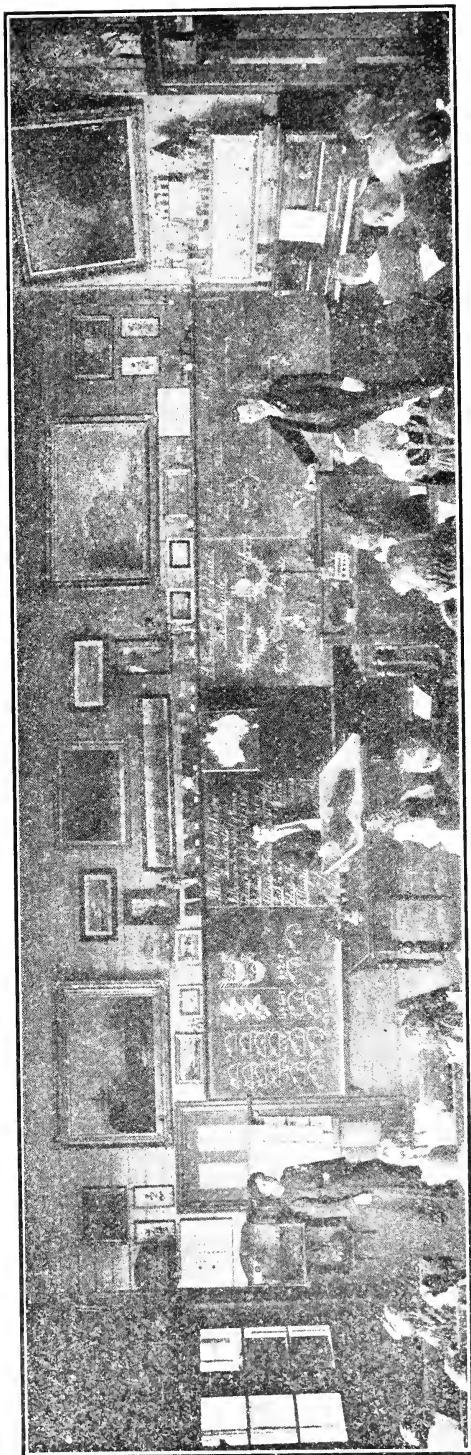
CHRISTMAS DAY

ROBERT E. LEE DAY

ABRAHAM LINCOLN DAY

GEO. WASHINGTON DAY

ARBOR DAY



"A RURAL POSSIBILITY."

STATE DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION,
OKLAHOMA CITY.

To the Teachers of Oklahoma—

It is with very great pleasure that I present to you this little volume of suggestive literature in honor of these memorable characters and events of history. It is my desire that all of the public schools of the State may observe, with appropriate exercises, the eight days provided for in this bulletin and I bespeak for the children of the State much pleasure and profit in the preparation of their programs.

I suggest that the exercises be conducted in the afternoon of the dates indicated with the possible exception of the Christmas program which might be given in the evening if preferred. In view of the fact that Washington and Lincoln's birthdays come so close together, it may be desirable in some instances to combine these exercises on Washington Day. I should like to insist that due preparation be made for the planting of trees on the school grounds immediately after the Arbor Day Program, and that the American flag be displayed on each of these holidays.

In regard to the material used in this booklet I wish to say that the selections have been compiled merely with a view to proving a convenient source of subject matter, rather than the idea of arranging set programs for each day. It is hoped that this suggestive material may lead the pupils to interest themselves in making further search for the literature bearing upon the characters and events which they are to commemorate. I am persuaded that all teachers will take an enthusiastic part in arranging these programs to the end that every boy and girl may become vitally interested in these memorable days. Let every teacher hope that every child may learn some life lesson from the character of the men whose birthdays they celebrate; that the tiniest tot may learn a lesson of loyalty from the birth of a State, a lesson of love from the birth of a Christ, a lesson of gratitude from a bounteous harvest; and lessons of health, grace and joy from the freshness and beauty of "God's outdoors."

R. H. WILSON,
State Superintendent.

COLUMBUS PROGRAM.

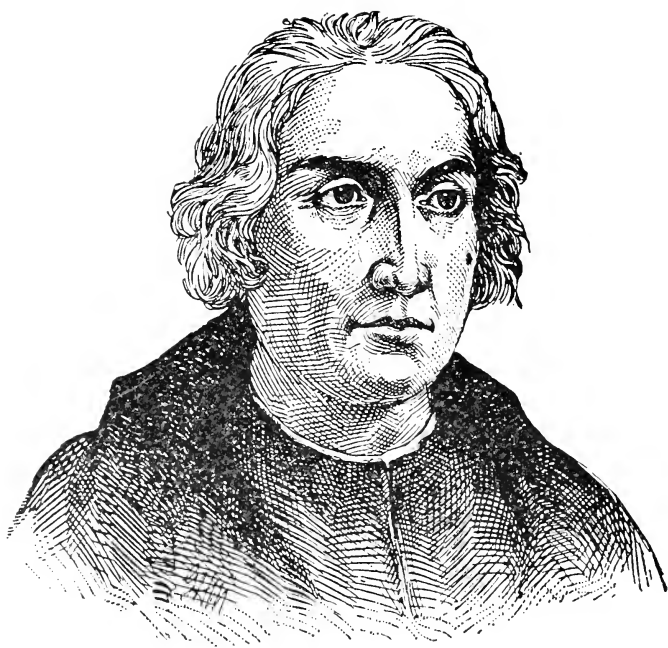
October Twelfth.

SONGS--

"The Red, White and Blue."

"America."

"Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."



COLUMBUS.

A Sketch of Columbus.

About four hundred and fifty years ago, there was born, in Genoa, Italy, a boy who was to become famous as the discoverer of a new world. Christopher Columbus was the son of a wool-comber, and was made to learn his father's trade. But he learned to read also, and studied all the books he could get. Genoa was a very famous city, to which travelers and traders came from all parts of the known world. Columbus was very fond of seeing and listening to these strangers, and he loved to go to the wharves and examine the ships from the different ports.

When he was only thirteen years old, Columbus became a sailor. His early voyages were made only in the Mediterranean Sea, but at length he ventured to pass through the Strait of Gibraltar into the unknown ocean. Always studying and learning, Columbus had become convinced that the world was round, and that by sailing westward he would come to the eastern limits of Asia. The Portugese made an unsuccessful attempt in 1471 to sail around Africa, and then it was that Columbus determined to try to reach India by sailing westward.

Columbus applied in vain to the King of Portugal for aid in his proposed voyage. He then applied to Queen Isabella, of Spain, who, after many delays, furnished him with three ships and ninety men.

On August 3, 1492, with three little vessels—the Pinta, the Nina, and the Santa Marie—he set out from Palos, on the coast of Spain, to sail where no ship had ever ventured. They first visited the Canary Islands, and then sailed on into unknown waters.

The sailors on the little ships soon became discouraged. They were superstitious—that is, they thought the unexplored sea was filled with whirlpools, which would swallow up their ships or lead them to the abodes of goblins and dragons, and even to that of Satan himself—and they feared that if they found any land that it would be peopled with monsters and horrible creatures, who would tear them limb from limb. Columbus alone never lost hope nor courage. He reasoned with his men, explained everything that seemed new and strange to them, and tried in every way to keep up their spirits. After two months' sailing, they saw birds which could not have come a very long way, and objects floating in the sea which seemed to have come from the land. So Columbus, expecting soon to see the shores of Asia, ordered a close watch to be kept.

At length, on the morning of October 12th, 1492, the man who was watching on the masthead of the Pinta shouted out joyfully, "Land! Land!" and there lay before them a beautiful, low, green coast.

Thus was discovered by Christopher Columbus, our continent of America.

In commemoration of such discovery, and in honor of the discoverer, Christopher Columbus, the Legislature of the State of Oklahoma, during the 1911 session, declared the 12th day of October of each year to be a State holiday.

—Selected.

Columbus Crossing the Atlantic.

*How in Heaven's name did Columbus get over,
Is a pure wonder to me, I protest—
Cabot and Raleigh, too, that well-read rover,
Frobisher, Dampier, Drake, and the rest;
Bad enough all the same,
For them that after came;
But, in great Heaven's name,
How he should ever think
That, on the other brink
Of this wild waste, Terra Firma should be,
Is a pure wonder, I must say, to me.*

*How a man ever should hope to get thither,
E'en if he knew there was another side!
But to suppose he should come anywhither,
Sailing straight on into chaos untried,
In spite of the motion,
Across the whole ocean,
To stick to the notion,
That in some nook or bend
Of a sea without end,
He should find North and South America,
Was a pure madness, indeed, I must say.*

*What if wise men had, as far back as Ptolemy,
Judged that the earth, like an orange, was round;
None of them ever said, 'Come along, follow me,
Sail to the West, and the East will be found.'
Many a day before
Ever they'd come ashore,
Sadder and wiser men,
They'd have turned back again;
And that he did not, and did cross the sea,
Is a pure wonder, I must say, to me.*

—Arthur Hugh Clough.

The Admiral's Last Voyage.

(Columbus at Valladolid, May 25, 1506.)

*I am the Christopher that knows no rest,
Urged by one thought, one faith, one hope to be,—
Christ-bearer? Aye! I bore Him to the West,
Beyond the Unknown Sea.*

*There was a day the cannons of the fort
Echoed the shouting and the loud acclaim,
When the long walls of Palos and the Port
Resounded with my name.*

*That was the day the vision of my youth
I saw acknowledged among actual things.
What says the Scripture? "He who speaks the truth
Shall gain the love of kings."*

*I spoke the truth; I proved it; that great Queen
I justified. She praised me. What remains?
The memory of darkness that hath been,
And bitterness, and chains.*

*Those lonely days—ye came not to me then.
Who so deserted, so distressed as I?
Ye sought me not, yet now, good gentlemen,
Ye come to see me die.*

*I found a world! As though one grasped a star,
Presumptuous to gather only pain!
Ah, well! Salute, before he sail afar,
The Admiral of Spain.*

*My fair new land shall yield you spice and silk,
Pearl of the sea, and treasure of the mine;
A goodly land, of honey and of milk,
Aye, and of oil and wine.*

*Men of my race and yours shall call it home,
Remembering me, and this shall be my fame,
That little children there in years to come
Shall reverence my name.*

*The waves are high before my vessels' prow;
Once more I go to seek a land unknown,
The Lord of earth and ocean grants me now
This one last voyage alone.*

*My bed is drifting like a bark at sea;
Look you, where yonder two white angels stand,
The land birds of the Lord, to prove to me
The shore is nigh at hand.*

*This world's an island. Nought we have to leave,
Who thought ourselves so rich while we did live,
"Into thy hands, O Lord!" Thou wilt receive
The spirit Thou didst give.*

--Mary Eleanor Roberts.

Columbus.

*Behind him lay the great Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
"Why say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"*

*"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"*

*They sailed and sailed as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dead seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say--"
He said, "Sail on! sail on! and on!"*

*They sailed. They sailed, then spoke the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait
With lifted teeth as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The word leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"*

*Then pale and worn he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlight flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world: he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"*

—Joaquin Miller.

How Sleep the Brave.

*How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.*

*By fairy hand their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!*

—William Collins.

A Monument of Columbus.

On the island where Christopher Columbus probably landed in the Bahamas there is only a rough pile of rock as a memorial. It is now proposed to establish and develop in the Bahamas another and better kind of monument to the discoverer. It will be one that will have material form, but still more enduring and significant existence in the minds and characters of the people of the island. Already an incorporated association has been registered in the colony, known as the Columbus Institute. It has the approval and indorsement of the Governor of the island. It is designed in a practical way to meet the needs of the Bahaman people. The population of the island is about fifty-five thousand, practically the same in numbers as when Columbus landed; but it has been changed in character. * * * There is a mixed population, one-eighth white and seven-eighths black and mulatto. The mass of the people are in a very primitive condition. They are also impoverished by the use of intoxicants. They are not abnormally lazy or immoral, but they need to be helped to help themselves. The people, therefore, who know conditions there have established this institute in order to train the people in industry.

The people of the United States, who are beneficiaries of Columbus' fortitude and faith, could record their admiration of his heroism in no better way than by helping to sustain this educational institution.

—From "*The Outlook*."

STATEHOOD PROGRAM.

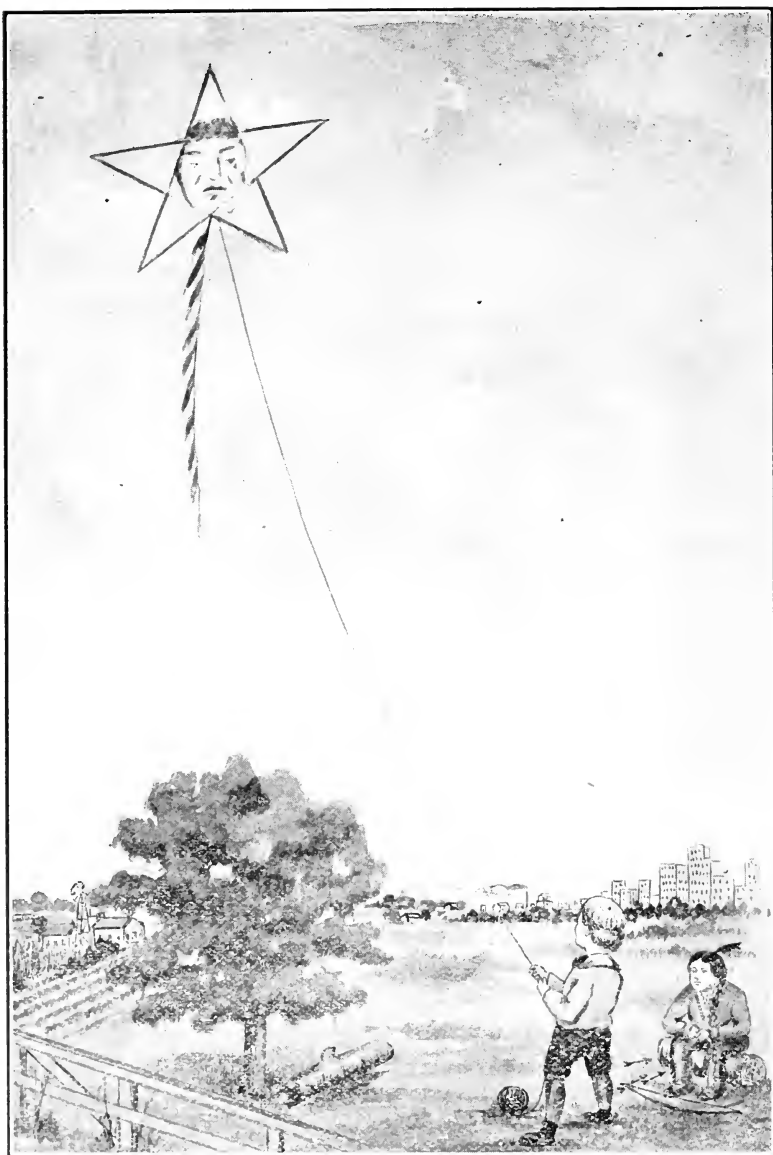
November Sixteenth.

SONGS--

"Oklahoma."--Camden.

"Wake to the Hunting."--Ransey.
(Modern Music Series—Third Reader.)

"Flow Gently Sweet Afton."---Burns.
(Modern Music Series—Third Reader.)



"THE NEW STAR."

The New Star.

(From Sturm's Magazine.)

Unlike any of her forty-five sisters², Oklahoma has no pioneer days. She springs into life like Athena, full-grown and full-facultied. She begins without diffidence or apology. She is larger in area than Missouri and more populous than California. Her acreage is greater than that of all New England, and greater than that of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland combined. Her people equal almost half of the population of the entire nation at the close of the Revolution; they outnumbered those of twenty-three different states, and exceed the combined population of eight.

Most things in the West amaze the Easterner, but Oklahoma amazes even the Westerner. Not long ago Chicago was the marvel of the world. It boasted, with justifiable pride, of having converted a swamp into a metropolis of a million and a half in less than three-score years. But Oklahoma has done better—she has converted a wilderness into an empire equally great in less than one-third the time.

—Richard Lloyd Jones. .

My Native Land.

*Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,*

*"This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?*

*If such there breathe, go, mark him well!
For him no minstrel raptures swell.
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim—
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.*

—Sir Walter Scott.

Oklahoma.

(From Sturri's Magazine.)

*Fair Oklahoma, Queen of states,
We bid thee welcome to thy place,
Gifted child of the loving Fates,
Wher'ere the stars on Old Glory shine,
Always the brightest will be thine,
Peerless in beauty, wealth and fame,
Forever honored be thy name.*

*No land so fair as thy domain,
Flower decked plains and fields of grain,
Belted by mountains high and bold,
A wealth of minerals untold;
Broad rivers and gay dancing rills,
Thy cattle on a thousand hills,
Breezes soft waft the birds' bright note,
To listening ears as they gently float.*

*Proud cities lift their stately heads, ...
As on they march with steady tread,
To front ranks in commerce and trade,
The place that brazen and brain have made;
So Oklahoma proud and fair,
Holds her place with dauntless air,
No peer in all our nation great,
Has e'er been found for our queenly state.*
—Mrs. George W. Holmes.

My Oklahoma Girl.

*Her eyes are bright and sparkling,
As she greets you in the way,
And the atmosphere around her
Makes one dream of flowers and May.
A ruddy healthy vigor,
And a brow of polished pearl,
Make up the simple portrait,
Of the Oklahoma girl.*

*She's a mighty institution,
This new star of the west,
With a wealth of independence
Within her maiden breast,
That makes her fond admirers
The banner high unfurl,
Of love and admiration,
For the Oklahoma girl.*

*Her dad's an '89er,
And one day long ago,
With him she crossed the border,
Into lands they did not know;
And with him she braved the dangers,
Which nature sought to hurl,
And it added grace and beauty,
To the Oklahoma girl.*

*To the Oklahoma girl.
She's lived in shacks and dug-outs,
But that was years gone by,
Now a modern roomy cottage
Lifts its gables to the sky;
Within all neat and handy,
And as cozy as a squirrel.
And upon her throne of labor
Sits the Oklahoma girl.*

*She's worked her way through college,
She's a skilful athlete,
And when it comes to winsome ways
She simply can't be beat.
She's the rose-bud of the prairie,
She's the center of the whirl,
And we doff our hats in honor
Of the Oklahoma girl.*
—Frank M. Colville.

Indian Trails.

Down from the Appalachian mountains to the forests of Georgia and the Carolinas and thence to the western uplift of the Ozarks was the old Cherokee trail, ending at Tahlequah. From the south land, as the legends recite, the trails of the Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks and Seminoles lead to their olden home of the ancient Muskogees, and thence diverging, the four trails each ended at a council house which in time became the center and finally the capitol of an Indian nation. These four, together with the Cherokee nation, are known as the Five Civilized Tribes, and the insignia of each is preserved in the points of the Star that forms the contour of the seal of our state.

From their earlier home in western Missouri and eastern Kansas, the trail of the Osages leads to that county which bears their tribal name, ending at Pawhuska. The Pawnee trail coming from the western plains, ended at the confluence of the Cimarron and Arkansas rivers, and gave name to the county there formed.

The fading trails of Kickapoos, Shawnees, Tonkawas and remnants of many tribes were lost among the settlements of other Indians, while the red trails of the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Comanches and Apaches are forever lost among the happy homes of our state.

Where once were the lonely Indian trails are now the thoroughfares of our commonwealth; where once stood villages of primitive wigwams now stand growing cities; where once the war cry sounded now is heard the shriek of locomotives; where once rose the smoke of council fires now ascends the black breath of factories. The Indian trails that once lead through this state have become the paths of civilization—the new civilization of red men and white in the land of Oklahoma.

S. M. Barrett.

Let's Hike Fer Oklahomy, Bill.

(From Sturm's Magazine.)

*Let's draw our money from the bank
And quit old Kansas soil
And pull for Oklahomy, Bill,
The land of honest toil;
There we can live on milk and fat,
Contented as can be,
And keep our cash safe in the bank,
Backed by state guarantee.*

*I 'member back in wild-cat days,
That many a man wuz stripped,
By tradin' off his corn an' hogs,
For worse than worthless script;
But down in Oklahomy, Bill;
Them times they'll never see,
Cause every bank is backed up by
A safe state guarantee.*

*I always thought that them there chaps,
What settled that there land,
An' builed Oklahomy state,
Wuz chock plum full of sand;
An' since they've made that bankin' law,
I think, Bill, you'll agree,
That Oklahomy has a trump,
In that there guarantee.*

*They tell me socks from ole Missou,
That's been hid out for years,
Is bein' shipped to new state banks,
Where folks don't have no fears
About them banks a bustin', Bill,
But all sleep peacefully
A knowin' that their money's safe,
With that state guarantee.*

*From Kansas, Texas, Arkansas,
The cash is pourin' in,
An' bankers in the neighbor states
Are cussin' just like sin;
It hurts to see the money go
To Oklahomy, See?
An' so they're all a shoutin',
For their own state guarantee.*

*So let's get our stuff into cash
And quit ole Kansas plains
And hike for Oklahomy, Bill,
The home of pluck and brains;
There we can live a feelin' like,
We wuzn't up a tree
The way we feel in Kansas now,
Without that guarantee.*

—By Frank M. Colville.

Question---In Melon Time.

(From Sturm's Magazine.)

*Say, stranger, ever been to Tennessee
When bird songs fill the air with melody
In melon time?
The vines ahangin' thick with fruit so fine,
Their meat as sweet and mellow as old wine
At New Year's time?*

*You see the melons sparklin' in the dew
And seemin', sir, to jes' smile up at you
In melon time,
You lay one in the spring all through the day,
And goin' home, you happen that 'a way
At supper time.*

*The water-melon's awful red and sweet,
I tell you what, it's mighty hard to beat
At any time.
If you would live as happy as can be
Then, sir, you jes' come on to Tennessee
In melon time.*

—A. Maria Crawford.

Reply---In Melon Time.

*(From Sturm's Magazine.)
Old fellow, yes, I've been to Tennessee
When bird songs fill the air with melody
In melon time,
But vines don't bear the fruit in any land
That ours do here in Oklahoma sand
In melon time.*

*We have the melons sparklin' in the dew
And seemin', sir, to jes' set up to you
In melon time;
And then we cool ours, too, all through the day
And goin' home, we happen round that way
At supper time.*

*Here water-melons grow so red and sweet
I tell you what, you'll find 'em hard to beat
In any clime,
And if you doubt, old son of Tennessee,
Then come to Oklahoma, sir, and see
In melon time.*

—A. Maria Crawford.

Extracts From a Speech by "Bill Kantfraid", on the Subject of Statehood.

Well, so it is we got it statehoods these white mans he call it. Don't know if it is understood all I know 'bout it this here statehoods. I know Bill Skalook he's close my neighborhood, an' he say so that school teacher my chilluns he got it childhood—don't know where he got it; though, 'cause we comb it head ever' day, them chilluns an' we can't find it childhoods, so what it is this statehoods.

Arch Youthfulswine he come my house day t'other side yistiddy night an' I'm axin' him 'bout it this here statehoods an' he say: "Way long time 'go that Uncle Sam he sp'il it up Injun co't, Injun law, Injun Council and ever'thin' an he say for Injun divide it up land—sectionize it an' make it home ever' feller for he'self. Then he build it big one co't, that Uncle Sam, an' he rule it Injun with Co't, an' marshal with big six-pistol-forty-some-odd he callit—an' he say, that Co't to Injun he gotter take it gyardeen all his chilluns 'fore he git it land. Well, we don't like it that kin', so it is we tell 'em, that Co't, we won't take it gyardeen our own chilluns, and' say we my daddy our own chilluns. We tell 'em cow can know he's own chilluns an take a care of it; wolf knows he's own chilluns an can take care of it; birds, varmints, hosses, cattles, white mans, an' nigger mans can all be my dady he's own chilluns, but Injun seem lak t'aint got it sense 'nough to be my daddy he's own chilluns. So it is 'bout this time he come 'long that politic fight what he call it statehoods, them fellers. Well, we gittin' offle tired bein' bully-ragged by these white mans what call theyselves "The Co't," so it is when we come to 'lect it Constitution an' vote it statehoods we all vote it an' fix it so it is we can make it our own law, our own council an' our own Co't."

"Well, that listens pooty good. Then I'm think 'bout it "Old Nation" an' how it is white mans he all time tell Injun "git further." Pooty soon he want some more Injun land 'gin an' he tell 'em Injun "git further." Injun all time git further an' git further, till he can no more git further—all gone Injun land, an' pooty soon all gone Injun, too.

No more he chase it buffalo an' mild eyed antelope over prairies made melodious by it hum of wild bee an' freighted with sweet odors of it flowers of Spring; no more he chase it deer through vine-tangled forest, through deep, dank marshes an' 'cross it green morass; no more will war-whoop be heard on it lonely, wooded hills or 'long limpid streams smilin' through it veils of perennial green; no more

will arrow spring from the bow, an' no more will council fires be kindled where it is mighty mans gather to make it laws; but he seem like he stan' it solitary an' lone' on some jagged cliff with it face an' eyes turned toward it settin' of sun, among the last of it a proud, ancient liver by lovin' peoples, with pang in it heart and tear in it eye, lookin' way 'cross in it dim distance to it purple hills where it is lost to it forever huntin' grounds. So it is he fights it out he's battle 'lone, an' he makes it up mind best thing give it up Injun way and take it up white man way. So it is we look 'gin and we see it risin' a bright beautiful star what shines like pretty one gal standin' on rainbow, the light of it face wakes it up all the birds an' makes it seem like diamonds, jist millions of it, hangin' from blade of grass, nestlin' in heart of it rose an' dancin' on quiverin' leaf of giant oak, whose jeweled han' seem like all time axin' us to come on. The bright star what you seen it is the forty-sixth in the constellation of states an' we call it—Uglyhoma.

Bill Kantfraid.

THANKSGIVING PROGRAM.

November Thirtieth.

SONGS---

"The First Thanksgiving Day."

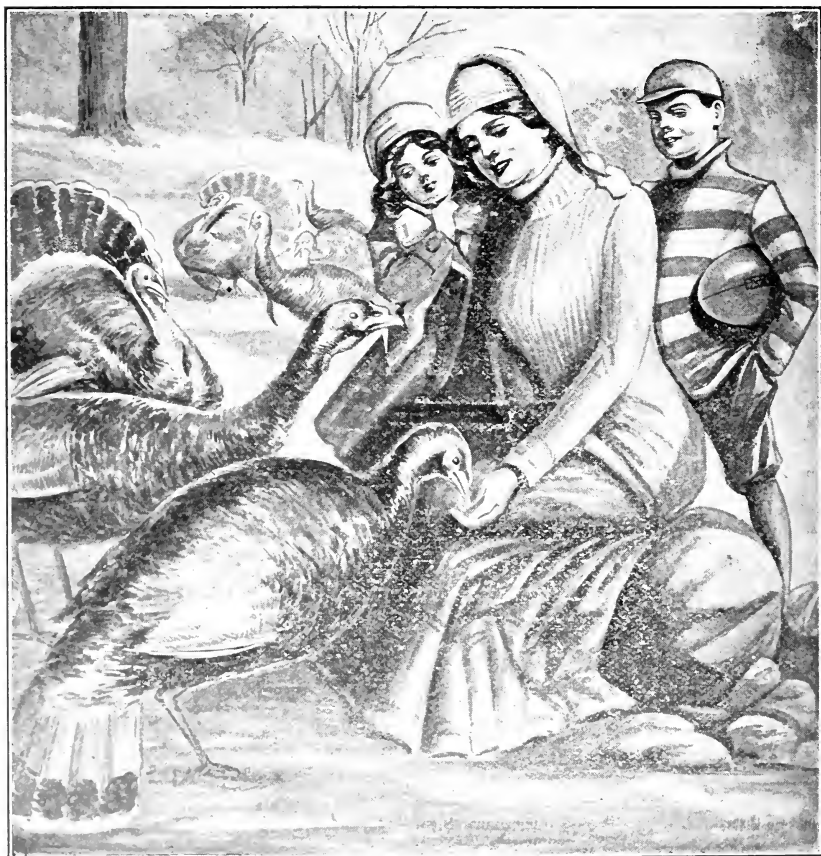
(From "Songs of the Child World" No. 2—By Riley & Gaynor)

"Why My Gobbler Changed His Tune."

(From "Songs of the Child World" No. 2.)

"God Bless Our Native Land."

By Dwight. (Any Hymnal.)



"THANKSGIVING."

The Old New England Thanksgiving.

The king and high priest of all festivals was the autumn Thanksgiving. When the apples were all gathered and the cider was all made, and the yellow pumpkins were rolled in from many a hill in billows of gold, and the corn was husked, and the labors of the season were done, and the warm, late days of Indian Summer came in, dreamy and calm and still, with just enough frost to crisp the ground of a morning, but with warm traces of benignant sunny hours at noon, there came over the community a sort of genial repose of spirit—a sense of something accomplished, and of a new golden mark made in advance—and the deacon began to say to the minister, of a Sunday, “I suppose it’s about time for the Thanksgiving proclamation.”

—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

Give Thanks for What?

*"Let Earth give thanks," the deacon said,
And then the proclamation read.*

*"Give thanks fer what, an' what about?"
Asked Simon Soggs when church was out.*

"Give thanks fer what? I don't see why;

The rust got in an' spiled my rye,

And hay wasn't half a crop and corn

All wilted down and looked forlorn

The bugs jest gobbled my pertaters

—The what-you-call-em lineaters—

And gracious! when you come to wheat,

There's more than all the world can eat;

Unless a war should interfere,

Crops won't bring half a price this year;

We'll hev to give 'em away, I reckon!"

"Good for the poor!" exclaimed the deacon.

"Give thanks fer what?" asked Simon Soggs,

"Fer the freshet carryin' off my logs?

Fer Dobbin goin' blind? Fer five

Uv my best cows, that was alive

afore the smashin' railroad come

And made it awful troublesome?

Fer that hay-stack the lightnin' struck

And burnt to ashes?—thund'rin' luck!

Fer ten dead sheep?" sighed Simon Soggs.

The deacon said, "You've got your hogs!"

"Give thanks? And Jane and baby sick?

I almost wonder if ole Nick

Ain't runnin' things!"

The deacon said,

"Simon! yer people might be dead!"

*"Give thanks?" said Simon Soggs again,
 "Jest look at what a fix we're in!
 The country's rushin' to the dogs
 At race-horse speed!" said Simon Soggs,
 "Rotten all through—in every state,—
 Why, ef we don't repudiate
 We'll hev to build, fer big and small,
 A poor-house that'll hold us all.
 All round, the crooked whiskey still
 Is runnin' like the devil's mill;
 Give thanks? How mad it makes me feel,
 To think how office-holders steal!
 The taxes paid by you and me
 Is four times bigger'n they should be;
 The Fed'ral Gov'ment's all askew,
 The ballot's sech a mockery, too!
 Some votes too little, some too much,
 Some not at all—it beats the Dutch!
 And now no man knows what to do,
 Or how is how, or who is who.
 Deacon! corruption's sure to kill!
 This 'glorious Union' never will,
 I'll bet a continental cent,
 Elect another President!
 Give thanks fer what, I'd like to know?"*

*The deacon answered, sad and low,
 "Simon! it fills me with surprise,
 You don't see whar yer duty lies;
 'Zneel right straight down, in all the muss
 And thank God that it ain't no wuss!"*
—Selected.

Thanksgiving Day

Song.

*My turkey 'tis of thee,
 Sweet bird of cranberry,
 Of thee I sing.
 I love thy breast and wings,
 Back legs and other things;
 I love thy good stuffings,
 O luscious bird.*

—From Ladies Home Journal

A Crank's Thanksgiving

Like others, I'm grateful for plenty to eat; I'm fond of a plateful of rich turkey meat. For pies in the cupboard and coal in the bin; for tires that are rubbered and motors that spin; for all of my treasures, for all that I earn, for comforts and pleasures, my thanks I return. I'm glad that the nation is greasy and rich, acquiring high station with nary a hitch; her barns are a-bursting with mountains of grain, her people are thirsting for glory and gain. She'll ne'er backward linger, this land of our dads, for she is a dinger at nailnig the scads. I'm glad that our vessels bring cargoes across, while counting-rooms wrestle with profit and loss; that men know the beauties of figures and dates and tariffs and duties and railway rebates.

I'm glad there are dreamers not industry-drunk, surrounded by schemers whose god is the plunk. I'm glad we've remaining incompetent jays not always a-straining, in four hundred ways, to run down and collar one big rouble more to add to the dollar they nailed just before. I'm glad there are writers more proud of their creeds than board of trade fighters of options and deeds. I'm glad there are preachers who tell of a shore, where wealth-weary people need scheme never more.

For books that were written by masters of thought; for harps that were smitten with Homeric swat; for canvases painted by monarchs of art; for all things untainted by tricks of the mart; for hearts that are kindly, with virtue and peace, and not seeking blindly a hoard to increase; for those who are grieving o'er life's sordid plan, for souls still believing in heaven and man; for homes that are lowly, with love at the board; for things that are holy, I thank thee, O Lord!

—From *The Outlook*.

A Thanksgiving Fable.

*It was a hungry pussy cat, upon Thanksgiving morn,
And she watched a thankful little mouse, that ate an ear of corn.
"If I ate that thankful little mouse, how thankful he should be,
When he has made a meal himself, to make a meal for me!
"Then with his thanks for having fed, and his thanks for feeding me,
With all his thankfulness inside, how thankful I shall be!"
Thus mused the hungry pussy cat, upon Thanksgiving Day;
But the little mouse had overheard and declined (with thanks) to stay.
—Oliver Herford.*

Thoughts Fer the Discouraged Farmer.

*The summer wind is sniffin' 'round the bloomin' locus' trees,
And the clover in the pastur' is a big day fer the bees;
And they been a-swiggin' honey, above board an' on the sly,
Tel they stutter in theyr buzzin' and stagger as they fly.
The flicker on the fence-rail 'pears to jest spit on his wings
And roll up his feathers, by the sassy way he sings;
And the hoss-fly is a-whettin'-up his forelegs fer biz,
And the off-mare is a-switchin' all of her tale they is.*

*You can hear the blackbirds jawn' as they foller up the plow—
Oh, theyr bound to git theyr brekfast, and theyr not a-carin' how;
So they quarrel in the furies, and they quarrel on the wing—
But theyr peaccabler in the pot-pies than any other thing;
And it's when I git my shot-gun drawed up in stiddy rest,
She's as full of tribbclation as a yellor-jacket's nest;
And a few shots before dinner, when the sun's a-shinin' bright,
Seems to kindo-sorto sharpen up a feller's appetite!*

*They's been a heap o' rain, but the sun's out today,
And the clouds of the wet spell is all cleared away,
And the woods is all the greener, and the grass is greener still;
It may rain again tomorry, but I don't think it will.
Some says the crops is ruined, and the corn's drowned out,
And propa-sy the wheat will be a failure, without doubt;
But the kind Providence that has never failed us yet,
Will be on hands onc't more at the 'leveneth hour, I bet!*

*Does the medder-lark complane, as he swims high and dry
Through the waves of the wind and the blue of the sky?
Does the quail set up and whissel in a disapinted way,
Er hang his head in silunce, and sorrow all the day?
Is the chipmunk's health a-failin'? Does he walk er does he run?
Don't the buzzards ooze around up thare jest like they've allus done?
Is they anything the matter with the rooster's lungs er voice—
Ort a mortal be complainin' when dumb animals rejoice?*

*Then, let us, one and all, be contented with our lot;
The June is here this morning, and the sun is shining hot.
Oh! let us fill our hearts up with the glory of the day,
And banish ev'ry doubt and care and sorrow fur away!
Whatever be our station, with Providence fer guide,
Sich fine circumstances ort to make us satisfied;
Fer the world is full of roses, and the roses full of dew,
And the dew is full of heavenly love that drips fer me and you.*

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Thanksgiving

*Dear Lord, on this day, thy day of days,
Forgive me, if to thee,
In place of songs replete with praise,
This prayer alone my heart essays,
"Work thou thy will in me."*

*I cannot thank thee for the pain
With which I wait to hear
Familiar footsteps, or again
Listen for songs whose blithe refrain
Made glad our hearts last year.*

*I cannot praise. Beneath thy cross
I bow, and silently,
With eyes washed clear of much of dross,
I strive to see, above my loss,
The joy of those with thee.*

De Thanksgiving' Blessin'.

*Set down, Lindy! Whar's yo' manna's?
Ain't you got no raisin', chile?
Don't be re'chin' 'crost de table! 'Possum sets you chill'n wil'!
Don't you know dis heah's Thanksgiving?
We's a-gwineter have a pra'r
'Fo' we teches dem dar 'possums er dem taters—git back dar!
Now, ole 'oman, keep dese chill'n wid dey'r haid's all bowed down low
Whilst I offahs up de blessin' fer de fambly. Han's down, So!*

*"Læw, we don't know how to m'asure whut You does up dar'n de sky,
But we knows in all Yo' givin' dat You nevah pass us by;
And we's grateful fer de good things You continues to dispense
From de cæw-crib and de smoke-house uv Yo' lovin' providence.
Thank de Læw fer all His blessin's, speci'ly dem dat He ordains
Fer de niggah's faithful stummick and de hunger hit contains;—
Sech ez red-meat watermillions, storin' up de natal juice
Uv de summer-time's bes' honey fer de hones' niggah's use.
And we thanks You, Læw, fer roas'n' yeahs and fer de yaller yam,
Fer de cæw-cake in de ashes and the ham-bone in de ham;
We remembahs You mos' kindly fer de bacon and de beans,
And fer good pot-licker extry wid de jotel and turnip greens.*

*And dey hain't no mar'wal music to us niggahs heah below
Like de gobblin' uv de gobblah and de rooster's lawdly crow.
Fer dese blessin's and all othahs we is grateful, Lawd, always;
But we lif's de chune up higher in de dear ole 'possum's praise;
Ca'se we shouts in halleluiahs fer de makin' uv dis beas'
Ez de cov'nant wid de niggah in dis heah Thanksgivin' feas'!"*

Link! Whut make yo' mouf so greasy?

M'randy! Whut you munchin' on?

*Stop, you sackerleegious varmint! Whar's dat bigges' tater gone?
Drap it back dar, Lizy! Heah me! Dis heah ain't no eatin' race!
Now, ole 'oman, min' dese chill'n whilst I finish sayin' grace!*

*"Lawd, dey tells me dat de 'possum am de oldest critter yit,
And we knows dat You's perserved him for de niggah's benefit!
And we thanks You, Lawd, fer deze two, ca'se dey wuz so fat and hale
From de whiskers on dey'r nostrils to the col' and naked tail!
Ca'se de 'possum's good all over, from dat tantelizin' grin
To de marrer-bones and chittlin's and de gravy in the skin!
Den we thanks de Lawd fer givin' niggahs edjicated tas'e,
So's 'at dey kin eat de 'possum 'd out a single drap uv was'e'
Angels, look down on dis picture!*

Chill'n waitin' fer a piece

*Ever' little mouf a-drippin' wid Thanksgivin' at de feas'!
And de parents bofe a-praisin' Him from whom all blessin's folw,—
Him dat keeps the blackes niggah same ez dem dat's white ez snow!
Lawd, we honors de traditions uv de niggah to de en';
Bless us whilst we taken de creases out'n our stummicks now. Amen!"*

Lawdy, mussy! ...Whar's dem 'possums?

And dem taters—dey's gone, too!

*And de gravy done sopped out'n bofe de platters clean ez new!
Link! M'randy! Zeke! Ole 'oman! Ef de las' one ain't cut out!
May dyspepsy ha'nt dey'r stummicks and dey'r feet swell up with gout!
Me a-prayin' and a-praisin' to de Lawd dat nevah fail,
Dey a-stealin' at de alter, leavin' nothin' but de tail!
Leavin' misery in my in'ards, and de in'ards moanin' on
Ca'se I didn't ax de blessin' 'fo' I blowed de dinnah ho'n!*

—H. L. Piner, in *The Century*.

CHRISTMAS PROGRAM.

December Twenty-Second.

SONGS---

"Cradle Hymn."—By Rousseau.

(From Common School Book of Vocal Music.—By Silver, Burdett & Co.)

Christmas Carol "Once Unto the Shepherds"—

(From Gaynor's Book No. 1)

"Silent Night, Holy Night."—by Paden.

(From Favorite Songs and Hymns.—American Book Co.)



—From Stum's Magazine

The Snow-Flake.

*I stood beside my window watching the storm
Without, a skelt'ring swirling maze of white.
In sportiveness I'd choose some airy form
And trace its downward way, a pretty sight
I thought it, this, flitting snow-flakes' game.
A little flake, as though he tired of play,
A-drifting slowly, into my window came;
Fresh, fair, pure, perfect on the ledge it lay.
"Ah soul," I mused aloud, "so oft to thee
Come in at thy window——nor at thy call—
Good thoughts from heaven's air, from taint as free
As this flake. Against warm life they fall
And vanish——vanish e'en against thy will,
As doth this flake upon my window sill."*

—Lynn W. Landrum.

Altus, Okla.

Christmas.

* * * * Christmas is not only the mile-mark of another year, moving us to thoughts of self-examination,—it is a season, from all its associations, whether domestic or religious, suggesting thoughts of joy. A man dissatisfied with his endeavors is a man tempted to sadness. And in the midst of winter, when his life runs lowest and he is reminded of the empty chairs of his beloved, it is well that he should be condemned to this fashion of the smiling face.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Under the Holly Bough.

*Ye who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In the fast-fading year;
Ye who, by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come gather here!
Let sinned against and sinning
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now.
Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness spoken
Under the holly bough.*

—Charles Mackay.

The Spirit of Christmas.

* * * * But don't you see that there is a Santa Claus? He isn't a man in a fur coat—and a reindeer sleigh and all that—but he is the *spirit* of Christmas, isn't he? They've personified that, and made a saint of him, and invented legends about him for the children, but when we're no longer children, and don't believe in him we still have that Christmas spirit—and it's that that gives presents and makes us feel kindly toward one another, and makes Christams what it is."

—Harvey F. O. Higgins.

To Santa Claus.

*Most tangible of all the gods that be,
O Santa Claus—our own since Infancy!
As first we scampered to thee—now, as then,—
Take us as children to thy heart again.*

*Be wholly good to us, just as of old;
As a pleased father, let thine arms infold
Us, homed within the haven of thy love,
And all the cheer and wholesomeness thereof.*

*Thou lone reality, whom O so long
Life's unrealities have wrought us wrong;
Ambition hath allured us,—fame likewise,
And all that promised honor in men's eyes.*

*Throughout the world's evasions, wiles, and shifts,
Thou only bidest stable as thy gifts;—
A grateful king re-ruleth from thy lap,
Crowned with a little tinselled soldier-cap.*

*A mighty general—a nation's pride—
Thou givest again a rocking-horse to ride,
And wildly glad he growth as the grim
Old jurist with the drum thou givest him.*

*The sculptor's chisel, at thy mirth's command,
Is as a whistle in his boyish hand;
The painter's model fadeth utterly,
And there thou standest,—and he painteth thee:—*

*Most like a winter pippin, sound and fine
And tingling-red that ripe old face of thine,
Set in thy frosty beard of cheek and chin
As 'midst the snows the thaws of spring set in.*

*Ho! Santa Claus—our own since Infancy—
Most tangible of all the goods that be!—
As first we scampered to thee—now, as then,
Take us as children to thy heart again.*

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Bringing in the Yule Log.

The burning of the Yule log is an ancient Christmas ceremony handed down from the Scandinavians, who, at their feast of Iull, at the time of the winter solstice, used to kindle huge bonfires in honor of their god, Thor.

* * * * *

The bringing in and placing of the ponderous block (frequently the rugged and grotesquely marked root of an oak) on the hearth of the wide chimney in the baronial hall was the most joyous of the ceremonies observed on Christmas Eve. It was drawn in triumph from its resting-place amid shouts and laughter, every wayfarer doffing his hat as it passed, for he well knew that it was full of good promises, and that its flame would burn out old wrongs and heart-burnings.

On its entrance into the baronial hall, the minstrels hailed it with song and music, or, in the absence of the minstrels, we are told that each member of the family sat upon it in turn, sang a Yule song, and drank to a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year; after which they had as part of their feast, Yule dough, or Yule cakes, on which were impressed the figures of the infant Jesus.

* * * * *

As an accompaniment to the Yule log, a candle of monstrous size, called the Yule candle, or Christmas candle, shed its light on the festive board during the evening.

—From "Christmas Tyde."

Christmas Afterthought.

*After a thoughtful, almost painful pause,
Bub sighed, "I'm sorry fer old Santy Claus:—
They wuz no Santy Claus, ner couldn't be,
When he wuz ist a little boy like me!"*

—James Whitcomb Riley.

“Quite Like a Stocking.”

*Just as the moon was fading
Amid her misty rings
And every stocking was stuffed
With childhood's precious things,
Old Kris Kringle looked around,
And saw, on an elm-tree bough,
High hung, an oriole's nest—
Lonely and empty now.*

*“Quite a stocking,” he laughed,
“Hung up there on a tree!
I didn't suppose the birds
Expected a present from me.”
The old Kris Kringle, who loves
A joke as well as the best,
Dropped a handful of snowflakes
Into the oriole's empty nest.*

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

A Christmas Carol.

“A merry Christmas, Uncle! God save you!” cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

“Bah!” said Scrooge. “Humbug!”

He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he was all in a glow; his face was ruddy and handsome, his eyes sparkled, and his breath smoked again.

“Christmas a humbug, Uncle!” said Scrooge's nephew. “You don't mean that, I am sure?”

“I do,” said Scrooge. “Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? Out upon Merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will,” said Scrooge, indignantly, “every idiot who goes about with ‘Merry Christmas’ on

his lips should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly run through his heart. He should!"

"Uncle!" pleaded the nephew.

"Nephew!" returned the uncle sternly, "keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it!" repeated Scrooge's nephew, "But you don't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone, then," said Scrooge. "Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

"There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say," returned the nephew. "Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if any thing belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, Uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good, and will do me good; and I say, God bless it!"

—*From Dickens' Christmas Carol.*

Crowded Out.

(From the Book of Christmas.)

Nobody ain't Christmas shoppin'

Fur his stockin',

Nobody ain't cotch no turkey,

Nobody ain't bake no pie.

Nobody's laid nuthin' by;

Santa Claus don't cut no figger

Fur his mammy's little nigger.

Seems lak everybody's rushin'!

An' er crushin';

Crowdin' shops an' jammin' trolleys,

Buyin' shoes an' shirts an' toys

Fur de white folks' girls an' boys;

But no hobby-horse ain't rockin'

Fur his little wore-out stockin'.

*He ain't quar'lin, recollec',
 He don't 'spec'
 Nuthin'—it's his not expectin'
 Makes his mammy wish—O Laws!—
 Fur er nigger Santy Claus,
 Totin' jus' er toy balloon
 Fur his mammy's little coon.*

—Rosalie M. Jonas.

Chris'mus Is A-Comin'.

(From Poems of Cabin and Field. Dodd, Mead and Co.)

*Bones a-gittin' achy,
 Back a-fellin' col',
 Han's a-growin' shaky,
 Jes' lak I was ol'.
 Fros' erpon de meddah
 Lookin' mighty white;
 Snowdraps lak a feddah
 Slippin' down at night.
 Jes' keep t'ings a-hummin'
 Spite o' fros' an' showwahs,
 Chris'mus is a-comin'
 An' all de week is ouahs.*

*Little mas' a-axin'
 "Who is Santy Claus?"
 Meks it kin' o' taxin'
 Not to brek de laws.
 Chillun's pow'ful tryin'
 To a pusson's grace
 W'en dey go a-pryin'
 Right on th'oo you' face
 Down ermong yo' feelin's;
 Jes' 'pears lak dat you
 Got to change you' dealin's
 So's to tell 'em true.*

*An' my pickaninny—
 Dreamin' in his sleep!
 Come hyeah, Mammy Jinny,
 Come an' tek a peep.*

*Ol' Mas' Bob an' Missis
In dey house up daih
Got no chile lak dis is,
D' ain't none anywehah.
Sleep, my little lammy,
Sleep, you little lamb,
He do' knowt whut mammy
Done saved up fu' him.*

*Dey'll be banjo pickin',
Dancin' all night th'oo.
Dey'll be lots o' chicken,
Plenty tu'ky, too.
Drams to wet yo' whistles
So's to drive out chills.
Whut I kecr t'ings a-hummin'
Spite o' col' an' showahs,
Chris'mus day's a-comin',
An' de week is ouahs.
—Paul Laurence Dunbar.*

LEE PROGRAM

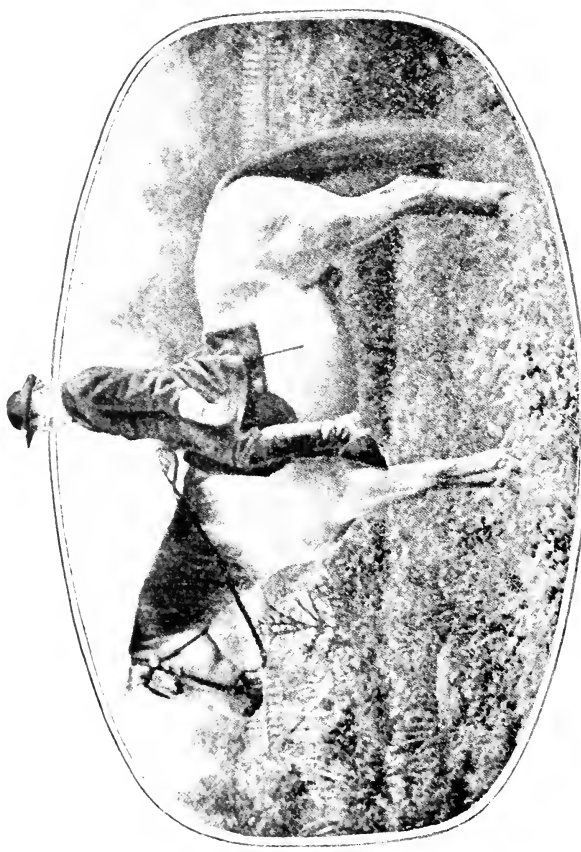
January Nineteenth.

SONGS--

“Dixie.”

“Hail Columbia, Happy Land.”

“America.”



GEN. LEE AND "TRAVELER."

President and General.

(Stories from American History., Chas. E. Merrill Co.)

Now came the spring of 1861. With it came war, war between the states. The states of North and South had been quarreling for many years. They differed as to the taxes they should pay and the way the country should be ruled. They differed as to whether people should have slaves or not. Hot-headed people on both sides said bitter things. The more they quarreled, the angrier they became.

Lincoln said the Southern states should be made to stay in the Union. So he called for seventy-five thousand soldiers to send against them. He needed a good general to put at the head of the army. Who should it be? General Scott, who had led the army in Mexico, was too old. Scott said, "Robert Lee is the best soldier I ever saw in the field. He will show himself the foremost captain of his time. Make him chief of the army. He will be worth fifty thousand men to you."

So President Lincoln sent and asked Lee to take charge of his army. Lee said no. He loved the army and he loved the Union. "If four million slaves in the South were mine," he said, "I would give them all up to keep the Union." But Virginia was his mother state. He could not fight against her. "I must go with Virginia," he said.

He gave up his place in the United States army and took command of the Virginia troops.

Lee

*A passion of conflict—Country or State!
Allegiance or loyalty!—which clearer the call?
Man of the nation, a name blazoned high
On escutcheons of glory—
Should he part with the past in which they—his people—
Had writ deep and fast,—LEE.*

*Harsh, bitter, and cruel the struggle.
Then—white and undimmed
The altar of Duty shone out of the dusk,
And Love burned away all dreaming of dross.
But he knew not, when yielding one sworn for another,
He had carved on the heart of his country forever.—LEE.*

—Kate Langley Boshier.

(From the Outlook.)

Robert E. Lee.

*A gallant foeman in the fight,
A brother when the fight was o'er,
The hand that led the host with might,
The blessed torch of learning bore.*

*No shriek of shells nor roll of drums,
No challenge fierce, resounding far,
When reconciling Wisdom comes
To heal the cruel wounds of war.*

*Thought may the minds of men divide,
Love makes the heart of nations one,
And so, thy soldier grave beside
We honor thee, Virginia's son.*

—Julia Ward Howe.

The Sword of Robert Lee.

*Forth from its scabbard pure and bright,
 Flashed the sword of Lee!
Far in the front of the deadly fight,
High o'er the brave in the cause of Right,
Its stainless sheen, like a beacon light,
 Led us to Victory.*

*Out of its scabbard, where, full long,
 It slumbered peacefully,
Roused from its rest by the battle's song,
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,
Guarding the right, avenging the wrong,
 Gleamed the sword of Lee.*

*Forth from its scabbard, high in air
 Beneath Virginia's sky—
And they who saw it gleaming there,
And knew who bore it, knelt to swear
That where the sword led they would dare
 To follow—and to die.*

*Out of its scabbard! Never hand
 Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,
 Nor cause a chief like Lee!*

*Forth from its scabbard! How we prayed
 That sword might victor be;
And when our triumph was delayed
And many a heart grew sore afraid,
We still hoped on while gleamed the blade
 Of noble Robert Lee.*

*Forth from its scabbard all in vain
 Bright flashed the sword of Lee;
'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,
Defeated, yet without a stain,
 Proudly and peacefully.*

—Father Ryan.

His Love for His Old Gray Horse.

FIRST PUPIL.

Men and officers who have together faced death, who have shared victory or bitter defeat, are bound by no slight bonds. Wherever the gray horse went, bearing General Lee, a shout went up. Or when those of another section heard wild cheering, but could not see either horse or rider, there, too, affection kindled, and a smile went over the war-grimed faces:

"There goes Marse Robert on old 'Traveler'!" they said, with renewed courage.

SECOND PUPIL.

The campaign of '64, which commenced at Orange, led the brave horse through the fearful fire of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Petersburg. The fortunes of war were utterly changing now. The master whom he had carried through many victories he bore now through much defeat. Along the lines of defense from the Chickahominy, north of Richmond, to Hatcher's Run, south of the Appomattox, "Traveler" was to be seen daily. Heavy odds were closing in. The war was nearing its end. The stricken South could hold her own but little longer. One day the last stand was taken; the last struggle made; the last smoke of battle cleared away.

THIRD PUPIL.

The story of Lee's surrender at Appomattox need not be retold. If "Traveler" himself could have told it we should hear most, no doubt, of the few brief words of farewell which his master spoke to his tattered soldiers; and of how the ragged men crowded, sobbing to touch their General's hand, or his uniform, or just to lay hands on good old "Traveler."

FOURTH PUPIL.

From Appomattox "Traveler" carried his beloved master, now a prisoner of war on parole, to Richmond. As the well-known horse and rider came unexpectedly through the streets, Southern citizens and Northern soldiers, recognizing them, raised their hats in silent respect or emotion as the two passed by. At East Franklin street, where General Lee dismounted and made his way to his waiting family, sympathizing crowds gathered around the gray horse who had carried him so well and so long, and some put their arms about "Traveler's" neck and sobbed there and kissed him.

FIFTH PUPIL.

After the war, when General Lee took up his duties at Lexington, "Traveler" was still his master's beloved friend and companion. When work for the day was finished "Traveler" would be brought from the stable and his master would ride in paths now of memory and quietness. Or in the summer "Traveler" sometimes carried General Lee to the mountains of the White Sulphur in Greenbrier. There the gray horse saw once more his old haunts of quiet and peace; once more took his way along the very mountain roads where, as a proud young colt, he had in former years returned from the Lewisburg Fair, with the blue ribbon, his first honor, fluttering from his bridle knot.

SIXTH PUPIL.

There were honors in plenty for him now. His master often rode him on visits to friends and relatives on the plantations throughout Virginia. Everywhere he was welcomed royally. As war had taught him courage, so peace taught him now the gentler virtues and softer honors of life. He learned to know the loving touch of women's hands, the glad welcome and caresses of little children, and all the quiet, daily loveliness that still bloomed in a land so lately visited by war.

So quiet pleasure followed on quiet pleasure until 1870. In the autumn of that year his master lay stricken on his deathbed. The physicians, making an effort to rouse him, reminded him that he must make haste to get well, for old "Traveler" had been standing in the stable and needed exercise. But General Lee, knowing that his end was near, shook his head. "Traveler" still waited. And the kind hand and gentle voice did not come to him again. From then on he was to miss the familiar touch on his bridle.

SEVENTH PUPIL.

But "Traveler" did not long survive his master. The good war-horse died very shortly, beloved and mourned by all who had known him.

EIGHTH PUPIL.

As long as General Lee's name is remembered that of his gray war-horse "Traveler" will be lovingly associated with it. Nor will it be only an association of names. The qualities which have endeared General Lee to so many—courage, bravery, gentleness, fidelity and fortitude—these qualities were shared by "Traveler," the friend and companion and faithful servant of his master, and for these things, he, too, shall be remembered.

—*From Ladies Home Journal.*

Lee's Parole.

*Well, General Grant, have you heard the news?
How the orders are issued and ready to send
For Lee, and the men in his staff commanded
To be under arrest,—now the war's at an end?"*

*"How so? Arrested for what?" he cried.
"Oh, for trial as traitors, to be shot, or hung."
The chief's eye flashed with a sudden ire,
And his face grew crimson as up he sprung,
"Orderly, fetch me my horse," he said.
Then into the saddle and up the street,
As if the battle were raging ahead,
Went the crash of the old war-charger's feet.*

*"What is this I am told about Lee's arrest,—
Is it true?"—and the keen eyes searched his soul.
"It is true, and the order will be enforced!"
"My word was given in their parole
At Richmond, and that parole
Has not been broken,—nor has my word,
Nor will be until there is better cause
For breaking than this I have lately heard."
"Do you know, sir, whom you have thus addressed?
I am the War Department's head—"
"And I—am General Grant!
At your peril order arrests!" he said.*

*A friend is a friend, as we reckon worth,
Who will throw the gauntlet in friendship's fight;
But a man is a man in peace or war
Who will stake his all for an enemy's right.
'Twas a hard-fought battle, but quickly won,—
As a fight must be when 'tis soul to soul,—
And 'twas years ago: but that honored word
Preserved the North in the South's parole.*

—Marion Manville.

"Marse Robert is Asleep."

The following verses are based upon an incident of the Civil War. General B. D. Fry of the Confederate army, related the story to the author. General Lee, sorely fatigued by a hard day's march, lay down on a log beside the road and quickly fell asleep. Soon a column of soldiers came down the road, laughing and talking as they marched along. A burly trooper, who had been standing guard by the General's improvised couch, rushed out into the road and whispered, "Hush! Marse Robert's asleep!" The word was passed down the line, and the ranks, instantly subdued, tiptoed past their sleeping leader.

*Had you heard the distant tramping
On that glowing summer day!
Had you seen our comrade running
To meet us on the way!
Oh, the wondrous, sudden silence,
Th' unmilitary creep,
As down the line that caution ran,
"Marse Robert is asleep."*

*Give me your hand, Old Blue Coat,
Let's talk of this awhile,
For the prettiest march of all the war
Was this of rank and file!
Was the passing of that army,
When 'twas hard, I ween, to keep
Those men from crying out "Hurrah!
Marse Robert is asleep!"*

*There lay that knightly figure,
One hand upon his sword,
The other pressed above his heart,
A vow without a word!
Two laurel leaves had fluttered down,
For flowers their vigil keep,
And crown'd him, though I think they knew
"Marse Robert was asleep!"*

*In glorious old Westminster
No monument of war,
No marble story, half so grand
As this our army saw!
Our leafy old Westminster—
Virginia's woods—now keep
Immortal that low whisper,
"Marse Robert is asleep!"*

*As we clasp hands, Old Blue Coat,
List, Brother of the North:
Had foreign foe assail'd your homes,
You then had known his worth!
Unbroken vigil o'er those homes
It had been his to keep:
Step lightly o'er the border, then,—
"Marse Robert is asleep!"*

*He's yours and mine, is Robert Lee,
He's yours and mine, hurrah!
These tears you've shed have sealed the past,
And closed the wounds of war!
Thus clasping hands, Old Blue Coat,
We'll swear by the tears you weep,
The sounds of war shall be muffled,—
"Marse Robert is asleep!"*

—Miss S. B. Valentine in the "Outlook."

LINCOLN PROGRAM.

February Twelfth.

SONGS—

"The Star Spangled Banner."

"Battle Hymn of the Republic."

"America."



STATUE OF LINCOLN

Address at Gettysburg.

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Lincoln's Looks.

(From "He Knew Lincoln.")

"You know I felt kind o' sorry for Lincoln when they began to talk about him for President. It seemed almost as if somebody was makin' fun of him. He didn't look like a president. I never had seen one, but we had pictures of 'em, all of 'em, from George Washington down, and they looked somehow as if they were different kind of timber from us. Leastwise, that's always the way it struck me. Now, Mr. Lincoln, he was just like your own folks—no trouble to talk to him, no, siree. Somehow you just settled down comfortable to visitin' the minute he come in. I couldn't imagine George Washington or Thomas Jefferson settin' here in that chair you're in tee-heein' over some blamed yarn of mine. None of us around town took much stock in his bein' elected at first—that is, none of the men, the women was different. They always believed in him, and used to say, 'You mark my word, Mr. Lincoln will be president. He's just made for it, he's good, he's the best man ever lived and he ought to be president.' I didn't see no logic in that then, but I dunno but there was some after all."

—Ida M. Tarbell.

Lincoln, the Man of the People.

*When the Norn-Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour,
Threatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She bent the strenuous heavens and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
It was a stuff to wear for centuries,
A man that matched the mountains, and compelled
The stars to look our way and honor us.*

*The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The tang and odor of the primal things—
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;*

*The loving-kindness of the wayside well;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grove's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.*

And so he came.

*From prairie cabin up to Capitol,
One fair Ideal led our chieftain on.
Forever he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king.
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.*

*So came the Captain with a mighty heart:
And when the step of Earthquake shook the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient hold,
He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a kingly cedar green with boughs
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.*

—Edwin Markham.

Lincoln's Friends.

(From "He Knew Lincoln.")

"Mr. Lincoln didn't put on any airs. No, sir, and he didn't cut any of his old friends, either. Ticked to death to see 'em everytime, and they all come—blamed if every old man and woman in Sangamon county didn't trot up here to see him. They'd all knowed him when he was keepin' store down to New Salem and swingin' a chain—surveyed lots of their towns for 'em—he had—and then he'd electioneered all over that county, too, so they just come in droves to bid him good-bye. I was over there one day when old Aunt Sally Lowdy came in the door. Aunt Sally lived down near New Salem, and I expect she'd mended Mr. Lincoln's pants many a time; for all them

old women down there just doted on him and took care of him as if he was their own boy. Well, Aunt Sally stood lookin' kind a scared seein' so many strangers and not knowin' precisely what to do, when Mr. Lincoln spied her. Quick as a wink he said, 'Excuse me, gentlemen,' and he just rushed over to that old woman and shook hands with both of his'n and says, 'Now Aunt Sally, this is real kind of you to come and see me. How are you and how's Jake?' (Jake was her boy.) 'Come right over here,' and he led her over, as if she was the biggest lady in Illinois, and says, 'Gentlemen, this is a good old friend of mine. She can make the best flapjacks you ever tasted, and she's baked 'em for me many a time.' Aunt Sally was jest as pink an rosy, she was so tickled. And she says, 'Abe'—all the old folks in Sangamon called him Abe. They knowed him as a boy, but don't you believe anybody ever did up here. No, sir, we said Mr. Lincoln. He was like one of us, but he wasn't no man to be over familiar with. 'Abe,' says Aunt Sally, 'I had to come and say good-by. They say down our way they're goin' to kill you if they get you down to Washington, but I don't believe it. I just tell 'em you're too smart to let 'em git ahead of you that way. I thought I'd come and bring you a present, knit 'em myself,' and I'll be blamed if that old lady didn't pull out a great big pair of yarn socks and hand 'em to Mr. Lincoln.

"Well, sir, it was the funniest thing to see Mr. Lincoln's face pucker up and his eyes twinkle and twinkle. He took them socks and held 'em up by the toes, one in each hand. They was the longest socks I ever see. 'That lady got my latitude and longitude 'bout right, didn't she, gentlemen?' he says, and then he laid 'em down and he took Aunt Sally's hand and he says tender-like, 'Aunt Sally, you couldn't a done nothin' which would have pleased me better. I'll take 'em to Washington and wear 'em, and think of you when I do it.' And I declare he said it so first thing I knew I was almost blubberin', and I wan't the only one nuther, and I bet he did wear 'em in Washington. I can jest see him pullin' off his shoe and showin' them socks to Sumner or Seward or some other big bug that was botherin' him when he wanted to switch off on another subject and tellin' 'em the story about Aunt Sally and her flapjacks."

—*Ida M. Tarbell.*

Some Lincoln Thoughts.

Do not worry, eat three square meals a day, say your prayers, be courteous to your creditors, keep your digestion good, steer clear of billiousness, exercise, go slow and go easy. Maybe there are other things that your special case requires to make you happy; but, friend, these, I reckon, will give you a good lift.

Gold is good in its place; but living, patriotic men are better than gold.

God must like common people or he would not have made so many.

I am indeed very grateful to the brave men who have been struggling with the enemy in the field.

This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it.

Let us have that faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.

The reasonable man has long since agreed that intemperance is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of all evils among mankind.

The purposes of the Almighty are perfect and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail to accurately perceive in advance.

Lincoln's Courage.

(From "He Knew Lincoln.")

"The country was just petered out with the everlastin' taxes an' fightin' and dyin'. It wasn't human nature to be patient any longer, and they just spit it out on Mr. Lincoln, and then, right on top of all the grumblin' and abusin', he up and made another draft. Course he was right, but I tell you nobody but a brave man would 'a' done such a thing at that minute; but he did it. It was hard on us out here. I tell you there wan't many houses in this country where there wan't mournin' goin' on. It didn't seem as if we could stand any more blood lettin'. Some of the boys round the State went down to see him about it. They came back lookin' pretty sheepish. Joe Medill, up to Chicago, told me about it onct. He said, 'We just told Mr. Lincoln we couldn't stand another draft. We was through sendin' men down to Petersburg to be killed in trenches. He didn't say nuthin', just stood still, lookin' down till we'd all talked ourselves out; and then, after a while, he lifted up his head, and looked around at us, slow-like; and I tell you, Billy, I never knew till that minute that Abraham Lincoln could get mad clean through. He was just white he was that mad. "Boys," he says, "You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. You've helped make this war, and you've got to help fight it. You go home and raise them men and don't you dare come down here again blubberin' about what I tell you to do. I won't stan' it." We was so scared we never said a word. We just took our hats and went out like a lot of school-boys. Talk about Abraham Lincoln bein' easy! When it didn't matter mebbe he was easy, but when it did you couldn't stir him any more'n you could a mountain.'"

—Ida M. Tarbell.

Tributes to Lincoln.

The life of Lincoln should never be passed by in silence by young or old. He touched the log cabin and it became the palace in which greatness was nurtured. He touched the forest and it became to him a church in which the purest and noblest worship of God was observed. His occupation has become associated in our minds with the integrity of the life he lived. In Lincoln there was always some quality that fastened him to the people and taught them to keep time to the music of his heart.

—*David Swing.*

He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was American, and that in his homely form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of this ideal government—charging it with such tremendous meaning and so elevating it above human suffering that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated from its cradle to human liberty. Let us, each cherishing his traditions and honoring his fathers, build with reverent hands to the type of this simple but sublime life, in which all types are honored, and in the common glory we shall win as Americans there will be plenty and to spare for your forefathers and for mine.

—*Henry W. Grady.*

Lincoln's Funeral.

(*From "He Knew Lincoln."*)

"Wan't long after that things began to look better. War began to move right smart, and, soon as it did, there wan't no use talkin' about anybody else for President. I see that plain enough, and, just as I told him, he was re-elected, and him an' Grant finished up the war in a hurry. I tell you it was a great day out here when we heard Lee had surrendered. 'Twas just like gettin' converted to have the war over. Somehow the only thing I could think of was how glad Mr. Lincoln would be. Me and ma reckoned he'd come right out and make us a visit and get rested, and we began right off to make plans about the reception we'd give him—brass band—parade—speeches—fireworks—everything. Seems as if I couldn't think about anything else. I was comin' down to open the store one mornin', and all the way down I was plannin' how I'd decorate the windows and how I'd tie a flag on that old chair, when I see Hiram Jones comin' toward me. He looked so old and all bent over I didn't know what had happened. 'Hiram,' I says, 'what's the matter? Be you sick?'"

"'Billy,' he says, and he couldn't hardly say it, 'Billy, they've killed Mr. Lincoln.'"

"Well, I just turned cold all over, and then I flared up. 'Hiram Jones,' I says, 'you're lyin', you're crazy. How dare you tell me that? It ain't so.'

"'Don't, Billy,' he says, 'don't go on so. I ain't lyin'. It's so. He'll never come back, Billy. He's dead!' And he fell to sobbin' out loud right there in the street, and somehow I knew it was true.

"I come on down and opened the door. People must have paregoric, ile and liniment, no matter who dies; but I didn't put up the shades. I just sat here and thought and thought and groaned and groaned. It seemed that day as if the country was plumb ruined and I didn't care much. All I could think of was him. He wan't goin' to come back. He wouldn't never sit here in that chair again. He was dead.

"For days and days 'twas awful here. Waintin' and waitin'. Seemed as if that funeral never would end. I couldn't bear to think of him bein' dragged around the country and havin' all that fuss made over him. He always hated fussin' so. Still, I s'pose I'd been mad if they hadn't done it. Seemed awful, though. I kind a felt that he belonged to us now, that they ought to bring him back and let us have him now, they'd killed him.

"Of course they got here at last, and I must say it was pretty grand. All sorts of big bugs, Senators and Congressmen, and officers in grand uniforms and music and flags and crepe. They certainly didn't spare no pains givin' him a funeral. Only we didn't want 'em. We wanted to bury him ourselves, but they wouldn't let us. I went over onct where they'd laid him out for folks to see. I reckon I won't tell you about that. I ain't never goin' to get that out of my mind. I wisht a million times I'd never seen him lyin' there black and changed—that I could only see him as he looked sayin' 'good-by' to me up to the Soldiers' Home in Washington that night.

"Ma and me didn't go to the cemetery with 'em. I couldn't stan' it. Didn't seem right to have sich goin's on here at home where he belonged, for a man like him. But we go up often now, ma and me does, and talk about him. Blamed if it don't seem sometimes as if he was right there—might step out any minute and say 'Hello, Billy,' any new stories?"

"Yes, I knowed Abraham Lincoln; knowed him well; and I tell you there wan't never a better man made. Leastwise I don't want to know a better one. He just suited me—Abraham Lincoln did."

—*Ida M. Tarbell.*

WASHINGTON PROGRAM.

February Twenty-Second.

SONGS---

“The Red, White and Blue.”

“America.”

“Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.”



WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE

Lines on Washington.

*Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;
High-poised example of great duties done
Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn
As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;
Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;
Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed
Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;
Never seduced through show of present good
By other than unsetting lights to steer
New-trimmed in Heaven, nor than his steadfast mood
More steadfast, far from rashness as from fear;
Rigid, but with himself first, grasping still
In swerveless poise the wave-beat helm of will;
Not honored then or now because he wooed
The popular voice but that he still withstood;
Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one
Who was all this and ours, and all men's—Washington*

—Lowell.

George Washington.

It is often said that boys and girls of the present day feel a little nearer to George Washington than used to be the case; that they like him better and are much less afraid of him. The reason for this, perhaps, is that everybody used to think of him first as General, and afterward as the Father of his Country, so that they could never quite love him as if he were their own father.

All the descriptions made him appear rather grave and stiff, and none of his early biographers let us believe that he could ever laugh. You may read through half a dozen famous biographies of him without ever finding such a thing as laughter mentioned, and it was not until the cheerful Washington Irving wrote his life that so important a fact was really admitted. Even Irving felt obliged to hide it away in small type in a note to one of his pages, but there it forever stands.

It appears that in camp a young officer told a story which the commander-in-chief found so amusing that he not only laughed, but threw himself on the ground and rolled over and over to get to the end of his laughter. Fancy the picture! The Father of his Country, a man six feet and some inches tall, rolling over and over in the attempt to stop laughing! But the use of the picture is that it has saved for us the human Washington. We once thought of him as a stiff and formal image, or what is called a lay-figure. Now we think of him as a man. * * * * *

—*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

Story of Washington.

The "Story of Washington" may be told by fifteen selected pupils from nine to fourteen years of age, with songs by the entire school, recitations by pupils chosen because of their ability to recite well, and a flag drill by eight boys.

FIRST PUPIL.

Today we celebrate the birthday of George Washington because he was a brave and good man, and because he did so much for his country.

Song by School—*Hymn for Washington's Birthday.*

—*Chas. S. Davis.*

*All hail, thou glorious morn
That Washington was born!*

All hail to thee!

*Whether thy skies be bright,
Or veiled in clouds of night,
To thee in joyous right*

Our song shall be.

*All come with glad acclaim,
 To sing and praise thy name,
 O Washington!
 O'er all this land so free,
 Hearts turn with pride to thee,
 Champion of liberty,
 Columbia's son.
 When Britain's tyrant hand
 Smote freedom's native land
 With mad decree.
 Thy gleaming blade, raised high,
 'Mid war-clouds rolling by,
 Wrote on thy country's sky,
 "Great land, be free!"
 Let Freedom each year bring
 Chaplets as fresh as spring
 To deck his son!
 While Freedom's angels stand
 Guard o'er that flag and land,
 Saved by the mighty hand
 Of Washington.*

SECOND PUPIL.

George Washington was born in 1732, near the banks of the beautiful Potomac, in Westmoreland county, Virginia. It was a very small place called Bridge's Creek.

Recitation—*The Twenty-second of February.*
 —William Cullen Bryant.

*Pale is the February sky,
 And brief the midday's sunny hours;
 The wind-swept forest seems to sigh
 For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.
 Yet has no month a prouder day,
 Not even when the Summer broods
 O'er meadows in their fresh array,
 Or Autumn tints the glowing woods.
 For this chill season now again
 Brings, in its annual round, the morn
 When, greatest of the sons of men,
 Our glorious Washington was born!*

*Amid the wreck of thrones shall live,
Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame;
And years succeeding years shall give
Increase of honors to his name.*

THIRD PUPIL.

When Washington was a boy he was fond of playing games and of sports. He liked to pitch quoits, toss bars and try his strength in leaping and wrestling. His father died when Washington was ten years old. George was a very truthful boy and always treated his mother with tenderness and respect.

Recitation—*Like George Washington.*

*We cannot all be Washingtons,
And have our birthdays celebrated;
But we can love the things he loved,
And we can hate the things he hated.*

*He loved the truth, he hated lies,
He minded what his mother taught him ,
And every day he tried to do
The simple duties that it brought him.*

*Perhaps the reason little folks
Are sometimes great when they grow taller,
Is just because, like Washington,
They do their best when they are smaller.*

FOURTH PUPIL.

This is an example of his truthfulness not so well known as the story of the hatchet. When he had killed his mother's favorite colt he told her all about it. She said, "I regret the loss of my favorite, but I forgive you because you have had the courage to tell me the truth at once."

Song by School—*A Brave Soldier.*

Tune: "Hold the Fort."

*Though we never may be soldiers
On the battlefield,
Though we may not carry banner,
Bayonet or shield;
Each man can be as true and valiant
Till life's work is done,
Each can be as brave a soldier
As George Washington.*

*There are mighty hosts of evil,
Armies great and strong.*

*Each can be a little soldier
Fighting all day long.
Let us ever fight them bravely,
Let us valiant be;
Fight the host of pride and envy,
Pride and cruelty.*

FIFTH PUPIL.

Some of Washington's maxims were:
Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire
called conscience.

Speak not evil of the absent; it is unjust.

Commerce and industry are the best mines of a nation.

Associate with men of good quality if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

Let your heart feel for the afflictions and distresses of every one.

Be courteous to all, but intimate with few; and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence.

Recitation—*Washington's Birthday.*

*'Tis splendid to live so grandly
That, long after you are gone
The things you did are remembered,
And recounted under the sun;
To live so bravely and purely,
That a nation stops on its way,
And once a year with banner and drum,
Keeps the thought of your natal day.*

*'Tis splendid to have a record,
So white and free from stain
That, held to the light, it shows no blot,
Though tested and tried amain;
That age to age forever
Repeats its story of love,
And your birthday lives in a nation's heart
All other days above.*

*And this is Washington's glory,
A steadfast soul and true,
Who stood for his country's honor
When his country's days were few.
And now when its days are many,
And its flag of stars is flung
To the breeze in defiant challenge,
His name is on every tongue.*

Yes, it's splendid to live so bravely,
 To be so great and strong,
 That your memory is ever a tocsin
 To rally the foes of the wrong;
 To live so proudly and purely
 That your people pause in their way,
 And year by year with banner and drum,
 Keep the thought of your natal day.
 —Margaret Sangster.

SIXTH PUPIL.

On April 19, 1775, the Revolutionary war began. A commander-in-chief was needed and Washington was chosen to fill this position. He set out from Philadelphia, June 21, for Cambridge, Massachusetts, where, under the historic elm, he assumed command of the American army.

Song by School—*Yankee Doodle*.

SEVENTH PUPIL.

Washington inspired his soldiers with reverence and enthusiasm. He never spared himself in any way and was always first in battle. The bullets often grazed his hair and riddled his cloak, but he would tell his soldiers, "Stand fast and receive the enemy."

EIGHTH PUPIL.

The British left Boston March 17, 1776, in seventy-eight ships and transports. On July 4th of that year thirteen colonies signed a declaration to the effect that they should be free and independent of all allegiance to the British crown forever.

NINTH PUPIL.

Not quite a year later, in June 1777, our national flag was adopted. A committee accompanied by General George Washington called on Mrs. Betsy Ross of Philadelphia to give her the order for our first flag of stars and stripes. Washington himself drew the design. Stars and Stripes was first unfurled August 3, 1777, over Fort Schuyler, a military post in New York State.

Flag Salute by School.

(The school rises and stands in military position, facing a large flag.)

"Flag of our great Republic, Inspirer in battle, Guardian of our homes, whose stars and stripes stand for bravery, purity, truth, and Union—We Salute Thee." (At the word "we" raise the right arm and bring the hand to the forehead; at "salute," give the military salute; at "thee" drop the arm again to position.)

"We, the children of many lands, who find rest under thy folds, do pledge our lives, our hearts, and sacred honor, to protect Thee, our Country, and the liberty of the American people forever."

Song by School (Still Standing)—*Star Spangled Banner*.

A Cutting from the Normal Instructor.

ARBOR PROGRAM.

March Fifteenth.

SONGS---

"Folksong---"O Hemlock Tree"

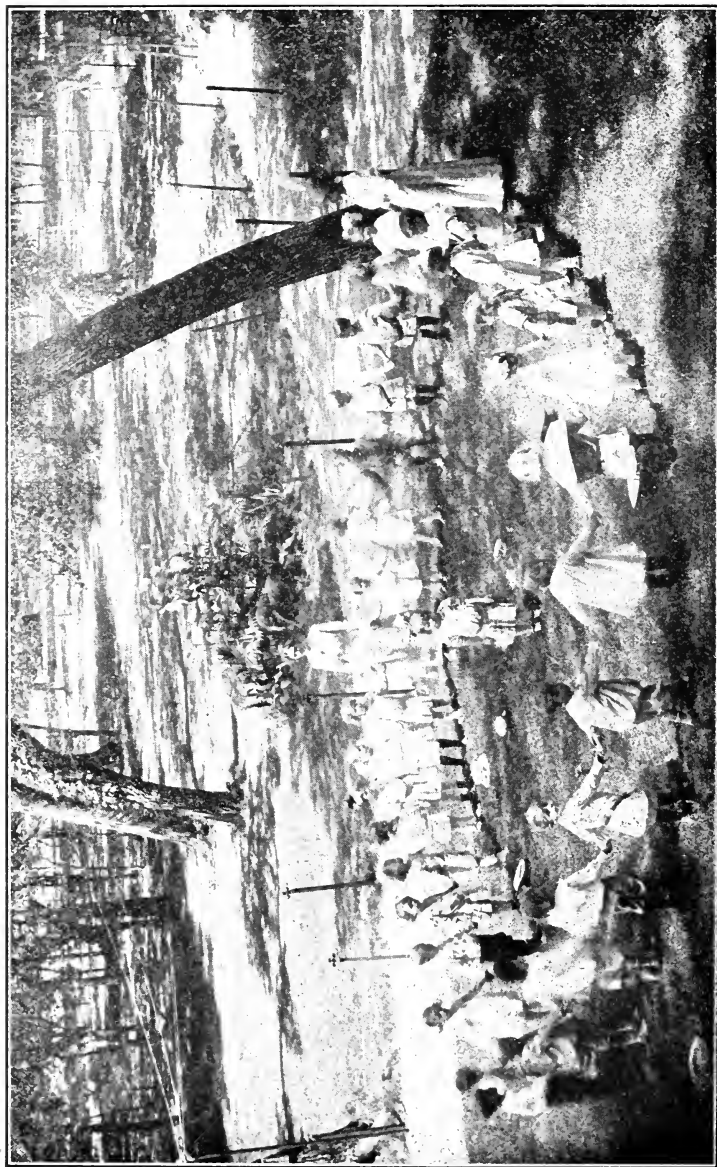
(From Common School Book of Vocal Music--by Silver, Burdette & Co.)

"The Woodpecker"--by Nevin.

(From Common School Book of Vocal Music by Silver, Burdette & Co.)

"Farewell to the Woods"

(From "Favorite Songs and Hymns,"--American Book Co.)



WHEELER PARK—OKLAHOMA CITY.

Arbor Day.

*There breathes, for those who understand,
A voice from every bower and tree,
And in the work of Nature's hand
Lies nature's best philosophy.*

—Selected.

When the Green Gits Back in the Trees.

*In Spring, when the green gits back in the trees,
And the sun comes out and stays,
And yer boots pulls on with a good tight squeeze,
And you think of yer bare-foot days;
When you ort to work and you want to not,
And you and yer wife agree
It's time to spade up the garden-lot,
When the green gits back in the trees—
Well, work is the least o' my idee
When the green, you know, gits back in the trees!*

*When the green gits back in the trees, and bees
Is a-buzzin' aroun' ag'in
In that kind of a lazy go-as-you-please
Old gait they bum roun' in;
When the groun's all bald whare the hay-rick stood,
And the crick's riz, and the breeze
Coaxes the bloom in the old dogwood,
And the green gits back in the trees,—
I like, as I say, in sich scenes as these,
The time when the green gits back in the trees!*

*When the whole tail-feathers o' Wintertime
Is all pulled out and gone!
And the sap it thaws and begins to climb,
And the sweet it starts out on
A feller's forred, a-gittin' down
At the old spring on his knees—
I kindo' like jest a-loaferin' roun'
When the green gits back in the trees—
Jest a-potterin' round as I—durn—please—
When the green, you know, gits back in the trees*

—James Whitcomb Riley.

How to Plant and Care for a Tree.

Just before setting out the tree the ground should be plowed with a common breaking plow. Throw the furrows out so there will be a furrow in which to set the trees.

Select sound, straight trees. All broken roots should be cut off with a sharp knife. Dig the holes for the trees large enough to permit the roots to settle naturally at the bottom of the hole without being cramped. Fill around the roots with loose dirt, filling the hole about half full. Puddle each tree by pouring water around it to settle the dirt. After the water is absorbed finish filling the hole with loose dirt.

Millions of trees set out each year died from want of proper care. The first two or three years the young trees must be cultivated as one would cultivate corn. In case of dry weather once a month or oftener a hole should be dug around the trees and filled with water. This should be done just before night. Early next morning the hole should be filled with loose dry dirt. The dust mulch will prevent evaporation and will keep the dirt around the roots of the trees moist.

—H. J. Miller.

My Neighbor.

*I have a new neighbor just over the way,
She was moving in on the first of May.
When she took in her household goods, I saw
They were nothing but rubbish and sticks and straw;
But when I made her a call just now
I found she had furnished her house somehow,
All trim and tidy and nice and neat—
The prettiest cottage in all the street.
Of thistledown silk was her carpet fine,
A thousand times better and softer than mine;
Her curtains, to shut out the heat and light,
Were woven of blossoms, pink and white;
And the dainty roof of her tiny home
Was a broad green leaf like an emerald dome.
'Tis the cosiest nook that you ever did see,
Mrs. Yellowbird's house in the apple tree.*

—Selected.

The Blossoms on the Trees.

*Blossoms crimson, white, or blue!
Purple, pink, and every hue,
From sunny skies, to tintings drowned
In dusky drops of dew,
I praise you all, wherever found,
And love you through and through;—
But, Blossoms On The Trees,
With your breath upon the breeze,
There's nothing all the world around
As half as sweet as you!*

*Could the rhymers only bring
All the sweetness to the lees
Of all the kisses clustering
In juicy Used-to-bees,
To dip his rhymes therein and sing
The blossoms on the trees,—
"O Blossoms on the Trees,"
He would twitter, trill, and coo,
"However sweet, such songs as these
Are not as sweet as you:—
For you are blooming melodies
The eyes may listen to!"*

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Facts About Trees for Little Ones.

1. Cutting down trees spoils the beauty of the landscape. I would not like to live where there were no trees.
2. There are few birds where there are no trees. They have no place to make their homes.
3. Taking away the trees takes away the protection from our tender fruit trees.
4. Where there are no trees the snows melt and go off too rapidly; the moisture that should sink into the soil is carried away in the floods.

5. Because our forests are taken away we have severe droughts every year.

6. One full grown elm tree gives out fifteen tons of moisture in twenty-four hours. A large sunflower plant gives off three pints of water in one day.

7. The trees give us lumber, fuel, wood, pulp for newspapers, cork, bark for tanning, wild fruits, nuts, resin, turpentine, oils and various products for medicines.

8. We should have greater extremes of heat and cold if it were not for trees and forests.

9. The leaves of trees catch the rain and hold it a little while; then they drop the water a little at a time; this is better for the ground.

10. The old leaves make a deep sponge carpet in the woods and this keeps the ground from freezing. If the earth does not freeze it takes up the rain better.

11. We might have dangerous floods if we did not have trees. The trunks and roots of trees stop the water that comes pouring down the hillside.

12. I will be very careful not to hurt any tree but will call every tree my friend.

From Arbor Day and Memorial Day Annual, Wyoming Schools.

Nature.

*O Nature! I do not aspire
To be the highest in thy quire,
To be a meteor in the sky,
Or comet that may range on high;
Only a zephyr that may blow
Among the reeds by the river low;
Give me thy most privy place*

*In some withdrawn, unpublic mead
Let me sigh upon a reed;
Or in the woods, with leafy din,
Whisper the still evening in:
Some still work give me to do,—
Only—be it near to you!
Where to run my airy race.*

*For I'd rather be thy child
And pupil, in the forest wild,
Than be the king of men elsewhere,
And most sovereign slave of care;
To have one moment of thy dawn,
Than share the city's year forlorn.*

—Selected.

Apple Blossoms.

*Have you seen an apple orchard in the spring? in the spring?
An English apple orchard in the spring?
When the spreading trees are hoary
With their wealth of promised glory,
And the mavis pipes his story
In the spring?*

*Have you plucked the apple blossoms in the spring? in the spring?
And caught their subtle odors in the spring?
Pink buds bursting at the light,
Crumpled petals baby-white,
Just to touch them a delight!
In the spring!*

*Have you walked beneath the blossoms in the spring? in the spring?
Beneath the apple blossoms in the spring?
When the pink cascades were falling,
And the silver brooklets brawling,
And the cuckoo bird is calling
In the spring?*

*Have you seen a merry bridal in the spring? in the spring?
In an English apple country in the spring?
When the brides and maidens wear
Apple blossoms in their hair;
Apple blossoms everywhere,
In the spring?*

*If you have not, then you know not, in the spring, in the spring,
Half the color, beauty, wonder of the spring,
No sight can I remember
Half so precious, half so tender,
As the apple blossome render
In the spring!*

—William Wesley Martin.

Knee Deep in June.

*Tell you what I like the best—
'Long about knee-deep in June,
'Bout the time strawberries melts
On the vine,—some afternoon
Like to jes' git out and rest,
And not work at nothin' else!*

*Orchard's where I'd ruther be—
Needn't fence it in fer me!
Jes' the whole sky overhead,
And the whole airth underneath.*

* * * * *

*Jes' a-sorto' lazin' there—
S'lazy, 'at you peek and peer
Through the wavin' leaves above,
Like a feller 'ats in love
And don't know it, ner don't keer!*

* * * * *

*Sun out in the fields kin sizz,
But flat on yer back, I guess,
In the shade's where glory is!
That's jes' what I'd like to do
Stiddy fer a year er two!*

—James Whitcomb Riley.

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